

3
Twelve Songs

set to music

by

William Pickers

of Exeter.

Opera Settima.
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Lately published, by the same Author,

| | | | | | | |
|---|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|---|
| Twelve Songs | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | Opera | 1 |
| Six Sonatas for the Harpsichord | | _____ | _____ | _____ | | 2 |
| Elegies | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | | 3 |
| Twelve Songs | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | | 4 |
| An Anthem for Voices and Instruments, and an Ode for two Voices | | | _____ | _____ | | 5 |
| Hymns for 3 Voices, which are also set for a single Voice ; proper for public, or private Performance | | | | | | 6 |
| Ode to Fancy | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | | 8 |

(Of the above, new and corrected Editions)

| | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|--|----|
| Twelve Canzonets for Two Voices | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | | 9 |
| Eight Sonatas for the Harpsichord | _____ | _____ | _____ | _____ | | 10 |

* * I must apologize for the Liberty I have taken in altering the Words of some of the following Pieces---Tho' such Alterations and Apologies are now almost Things of course with me, yet as these Songs may be in the Possession of some who have not my preceding Publications; it is proper to repeat, that *good* Poetry is not *always* fit for Music: to make it so I have altered it, and not with the least Thought of improving or correcting some of the most finished Pieces in our Language. To those who are acquainted with the Originals, some of these Alterations may appear bold, and others trifling.---The reducing the Measure from Lines of ten Syllables to eight, will be considered as a most flagrant Instance of the one; and the changing a few harmless Particles, of the other: A general Answer would be unsatisfactory, and a particular one too long for this place; I shall therefore defer enlarging upon this Subject, as I may possibly do it in a Treatise, of which the poetical Measures, as applicable to Music, will be a necessary Part.



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SONG I.

Vio.1 *Andante*

Vio.2

Pia. *for.* :S:

Pia. *for.* :S: Let o = = thers.

Pia.

boast their shi = ning Store, And toil and la = bour on for more, Let them disturb'd with

for. *Pia.*

dire A = larms, A = spire to dang'rous Fame in Arms. Humbly fe -

for. T.S. *Pia.*

cure I'm lull'd to Rest, In peaceful Cot and cheaply blest, Me Beau-ty holds in

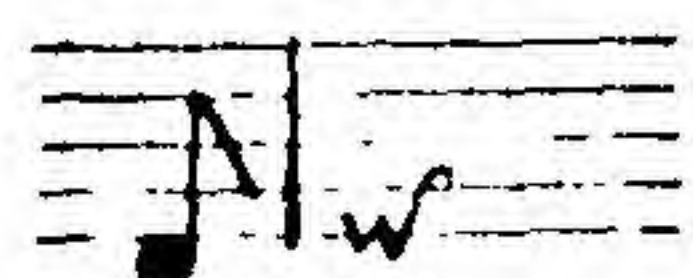
for. Pia.

gen-tle Chains, Re-mov'd from Wars tu-mul-tuous Plains. Re-mov'd from Wars tu-

Fortis.

- mul-tuous Plains. Fortis.

In Summer, pleas'd with Harvest Toils,
In Autumn, press the Vineyard's Spoils,



In Winter, waste the Time in Mirth,



Warm by my blazing chearful Hearth,



At Night, how soothing 'tis to hear
The driving Tempest whistling near,
Pia My Charmer in my Arms I strain,
And flumber to the beating Rain.

(3)
(For) How blest beyond the Fool who braves
In search of Wealth the furious Waves!



My weeping Fair I'll never leave
For all the Honours War can give,
Let me for ever far remove
All Cares that lessen happy Love;
In vain would Age those Joys retrieve,
Which Youth alone can taste and give!

SONG II.

Vio. 1

Vio. 2

Allegro con spirito

Pia.

For.

Pia.

For.

Pia.

For.

Pia.

Fair Delia my Breast so alarms, From her Pow'r I no

Pia.

:S:

6

6

for.

Pia.

for.

for.

Refuge can find,

If another I take in my Arms,

Yet my Delia is still in my Mind.

6 7 6 5
4 4 3

6

6

6 7 6 5
4 4 3 for.

Pia.

Un-blest with the Joy still a Pleasure I want, Which none but my Delia my

pia.

6 7 6 7
4 3 4 3

7

6
4

7

6
4

6

6
5

Delia can grant. Un-blest with the Joy still a Pleasure I want, Which none but my.

for.

Delia my Delia can grant. Which none but my Delia my Delia can grant.

Pia. Fortis.

(2)

Let her smile and I'm instantly gay,

My Heart overflows with Delight!

On her I could gaze all the Day,

And lament the Approach of the Night.

Whate'er's my Employment for her is my Care;

My Thoughts and my Dreams are of nought but my Fair.

(3)

Oh did she but know how I love,

And the Pleasure of loving again,

My Passion her Favour would move;

For herself she would pity my Pain.

Good nature and Int'rest would both make her kind,

For the Joy she might give, and the Rapture she'd find.

SONG III

Vio. 1 *Affettuoso* *Pia.*

Vio. 2

6 5 4 3 6 6 5 4 3

for. *Pia.*

for. *S:*

for. *S:*

Far from the Arms of her I love By Fate too cruel doom'd to

6 6 7 6 7 6 7 5 9 8 6 5 7 6 4 3

Pia

figh, To defart Climes for-lorn I rove; How light-er far How light-er far the

6 7 8 9 4 8 6 5 3 4 3

for *Pia. cres. il for. Pia.*

Talk to die? When from my Souls soft Treasure torn, Will Delia

6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3 7 5 4 9 4 8 3 4 2 4 2 6

7

think on Colins Name, In Fan-cy hear the Exile mourn, In Fan-cy see his.

Sorrrows stream his Sor = rows stream?

for. 6 6 5 3 for. 6 6 7

for. Pia. for. Pia. for.

(2)

Say, will not Fear a Pang inspire,
When Winds the mountain Billows form,
When Lightnings flash their forky Fire,



And awful Thunder, and awful Thunder swells the Storm.



A Dread will surely then prevail,
Thy Soul a kind Compassion move,
While Mem'ry tells the tender Tale
Of all my Vows and hapless Love.

(3)

Then will thy Fancy paint the Swain
Aghast, on Lifes extremest Verge,
Now struggling in the roaring Main,
Now dead, and sunk beneath the Surge.
Yet let not Visions thus alarm
Thy soft thy feeling Heart with Fear,
For Thee Heav'n shields my Life from Harm
To save such Innocence a Tear.

SONG IV.

Recit.

All in the Downs the Fleet lay moor'd, The Streamers waving in the

Aria, Allegro.

Wind, When black-ey'd Sufan came on board. O Where, O where shall I my True-love

Violini pia.

for.

find; where, oh where shall I my True-love find;

Tell me ye jovial Sailors,

for. Pia.

tell me true, Does my sweet William, does my sweet William fail a-mong your

T. S.

for.

Pia.

for.

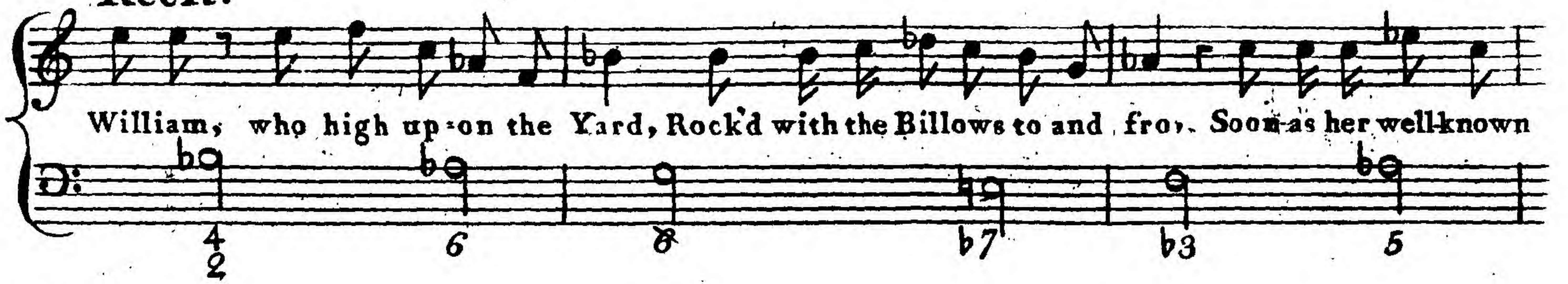
Crew? Does my sweet William, does my sweet William fail a-mong your Crew?

for.

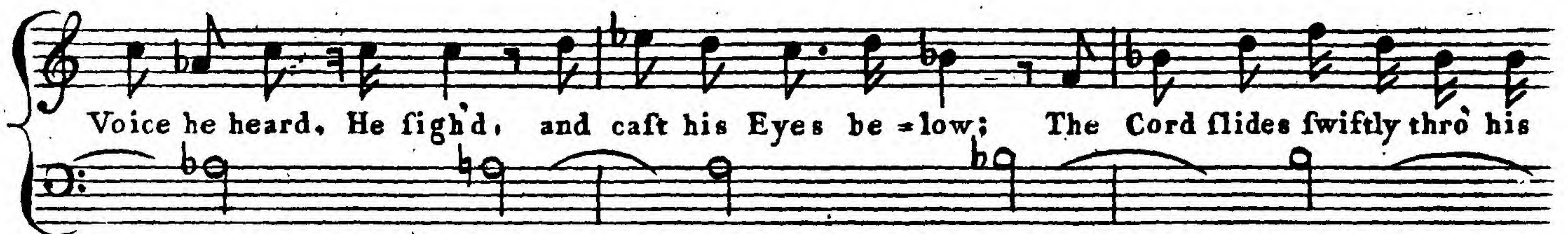
for.

Recit.

William, who high up on the Yard, Rock'd with the Billows to and fro. Soon as her wellknown

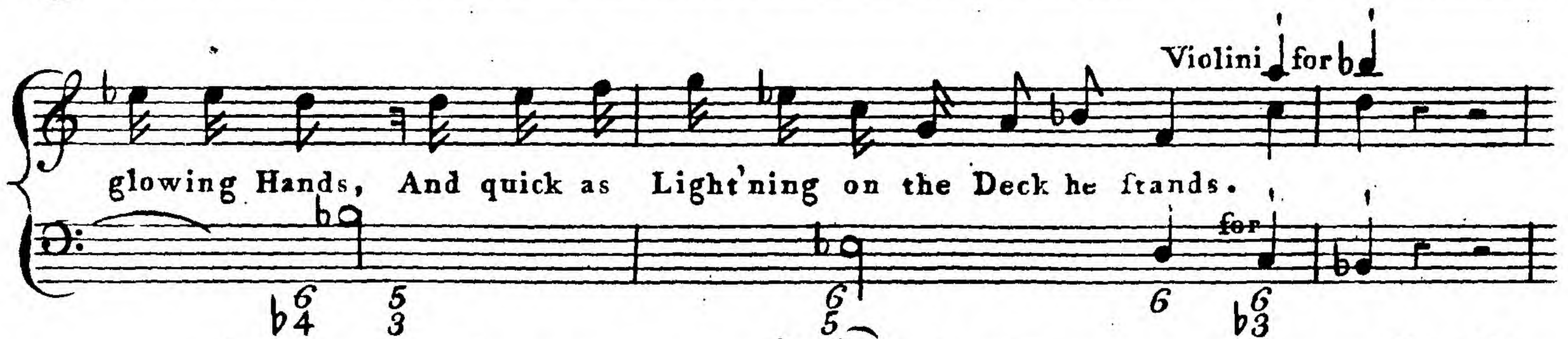


Voice he heard, He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes be-low; The Cord slides swiftly thro' his



glowing Hands, And quick as Light'ning on the Deck he stands.

Violini for b



Pia.

Aria, Andante.

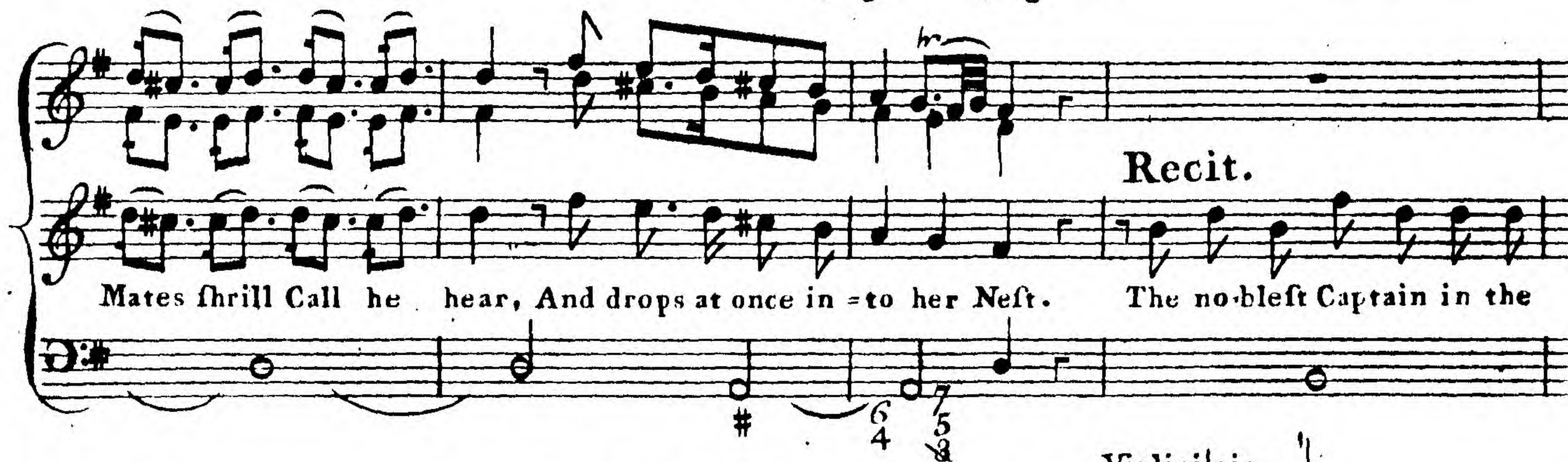
So the sweet Lark high-poizd in Air, shuts close his Pinions to his Breast If chance his

Pia.



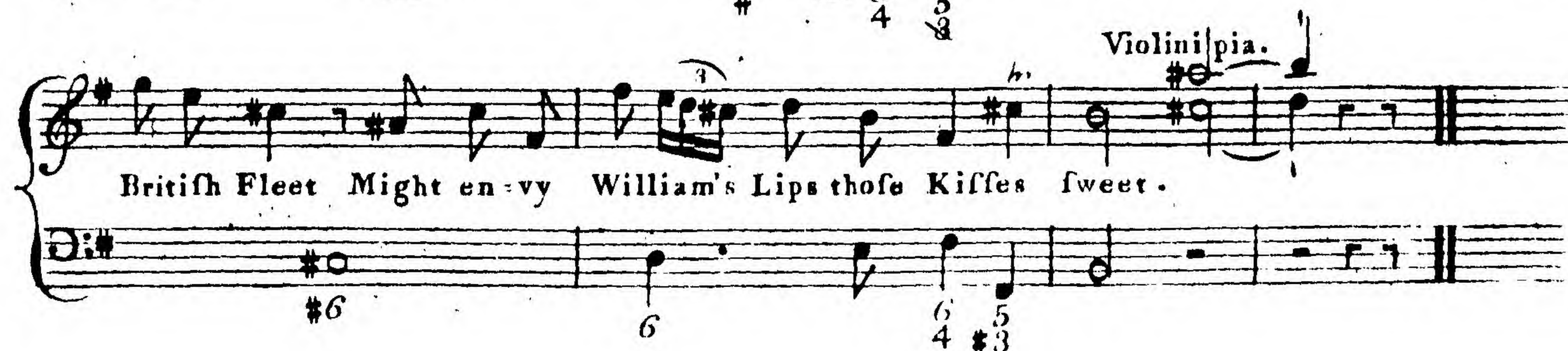
Mates shrill Call he hear, And drops at once in-to her Nest. The noblest Captain in the

Recit.



British Fleet Might en-vy William's Lips those Kisses sweet.

Violini pia.



10

Vio. 1

Vio. 2

Andante affettuoso

Pia.

Su = fan Su = fan love = ly Dear, My Vows shall e = = ver true re = main;

for.

for

Let me kiss off that fal = ling Tear, We on = ly part to meet a = gain.

for

Pia.

Change as you list ye Winds, my Heart shall be The faith = ful Compass, the

Pia.

T. S.

11

M. V. for. faith-ful Compaſs that ſtill points to Thee.

(2) 6 5 4 3 for. 6 5 6 4

Believe not what the Land men ſay,
Who tempt with Doubts thy conſtant Mind,



They tell thee, Sailors when away
At every Port a Miſtreſs find:
Yes, Yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,



For thou art preſent, thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

(3.)

Tho' Battles call me from thy Arms,



Let not my pretty Suſan mourn,



Tho Cannons roar, yet ſafe from Harms



William ſhall to his Dear return.

Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,



Left precious Tears, precious Tears ſhould drop from Sukey's Eye.

Allegro

for.

Recit.

for The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word! The Sails their

6 6 # 5

1.

cres. il for.

swelling Bosom spread. No longer must she stay on board — They kiss'd, she

for. pia.

7 5 6

Andante pia.

kiss'd, He hung his Head. Her leav'ning Boat un-willing rows to Land,

6 4 7 6 4 5 3 6 4 5 3

A=diu, *Adieu,* she cries, and wav'd her Lily-hand.

4 2 6 5 3 6 4 7 4 2

Pia. *Pianis.*

T. S.

5 3

S O N G V.

13

Recit

Parent of blooming Flow'rs and gay Defires, Youth of the tender Year de -

lightful Spring; At whose Approach, inspir'd with equal Fires, The am'rous Nightingale and Poet.

Violini

Andante

fing.

Affettuoso

Corno
1 e 2

Trav.
1 e 2

Viol.1

Viol.2

Viola

Voce

Baffo

First system of musical notation, measures 1-10. The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part consists of three staves (treble, middle, and bass clefs). The voice part is on a single staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked "Pia." (Piano). The lyrics "Thou dost re = turn, but" are written below the voice staff in measure 10. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. Measure numbers 7 and 6 are written below the piano bass staff in measures 9 and 10 respectively.

Second system of musical notation, measures 11-20. The score continues with the piano and voice parts. The piano part consists of three staves (treble, middle, and bass clefs). The voice part is on a single staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo/mood is marked "Pia." (Piano). The lyrics "not with thee Re = turn the Hours I once pos = sessed; To o - - thers" are written below the voice staff in measure 19. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above or below notes. Measure numbers 4/2, 6, 6/4, and 6 are written below the piano bass staff in measures 18, 19, 20, and 21 respectively.

chearful, but to me Thou fad = ly tell'st I once was blest, thou fad - - ly

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

for. for. for. for. :S: :S: :S: :S: :S:

tell'st I once was blest. Thy

6 6 5 7 7 6 6 5 4 8

Pia-⁸

Charms which Win = ter snatch'd a = way Re = new'd in all their Luf = tre shine! But

Pia-
7 6 5 7 6 5 5 6

Pianis.

Pianis.

Pianis.

Pianis.

ah! no more shall I be gay; But ah! no more shall I be gay, Or

Pianis. 6 5 6 4 5 5 6 6 5 6 7

know the Joys that have been mine, Or know the Joys that have been
 for. *Pia.*
 for. *Pia.*
 for. *Pia.*
 for. *Pia.*
 mine! *Pia.*
 Tho' Flow'rs ad -
 for. *Pia.*

Figured Bass: 6 6 5 7 5 6 6 6 5 6 6 4 5 3

Figured Bass: 7 7 6 6 5 3

- orn the spright = ly Green, Tho fan = ning Ze = phyr's fra = grance bear,

Joyless to me is ev = ry Scene; A = - las my De = - lia is not

for

for.

for.

for.

for.

for.

there, A - - las, my De - - - lia is not there!

6 6 6 6 4 5 7 7

Musical score for "The Sun" by Franz Schubert, Op. 102, No. 1. The score is in G major and 3/4 time. It features a piano introduction with a key signature change from one sharp to two sharps. The vocal melody is marked "Pia." and includes the lyrics "Cheerless I feel the genial Sun. From".

Pianis.

Pianis.

Pianis.

De - lia ab - sent lost I rove. Tis De - lia. fair - est Light a

Pianis.

- lone Tis De - lia fair - est Light a - - lone Can warm my Heart to

for. fortis.

for. fortis.

for. fortis.

for. fortis.

for. fortis.

Joy and Love, Can warm my Heart to Joy and Love!

for. fortis.

7 6 6 5 4 3 7

SONG VI.

Viol: 1^{mo} *Allegro con Spirito* Pia for

Viol: 2^{do} Pia for

Viola

Voce

Baffo Pia 6 7 6 4 3 4 2 6 for

:S: Pia

:S: Pia

:S:

:S:

6 5 6 6 5 Night to Lovers Joys a Friend, swiftly thy Assistance lend, Chase the envious

Pia 5 4 2 5

feeling Day, Bring my charming Youth away, Haste and speed the tedious Hour, To the secret

4 2 6 7 6 4 5 3 6 5 6 5 4 3 4 3

happy Bow'r; Then, my Heart for Bliss prepare! Thyrfis surely will be there, for Thyrfis surely will be there.

Cres *il* *for* *Pia* *Pia* *Pia*

Cres. *il* *for* *Pia*

for

Thyrfis surely will be there.

9 8 6 4 5 3 6 4 2 5 6 5 4 3 2 1 6 5 4 3 2 1

T.S.

2

See the hateful Day is done,
 Welcome Evening now comes on,
 Soon to meet my Dear I fly
 None but Love shall then be by:
 None shall dare to venture near,



To tell the plighted Vows they hear.
 Parting thence will be a Pain,
 But we part to meet again.

3

Farewel loit'ring idle Day,
 To my Dear I haste away;
 On the Wings of Love I go,
 He the ready Way will shew.
 Peace my Breast, nor Danger fear;
 Love and Thyrfis both are near—
 'Tis the Youth, I'm sure 'tis he —
 Night how much I owe to thee!

SONG VII.

Viol: 1^{mo} *Pia*

Viol: 2^{do} *Largo* for *Pia* for *Pia* for

Viola e Basso *Pia* 6 4 5 3 6 6 6 6 5 7 7 5

Pia for *S:* *Pia* *S:* *S:* *S:*

Love when 'tis true, needs not the Aid of Sighs nor Oaths to

6 6 4

for

for

make it known; And to convince the cru-elt Maid Lo-vers should use their

7 6 4 3 2 6 6

Pia *Pia*

Love a-alone. In-to their Looks 'twill th-ly steal, And

6 6 4 3 *Pia* 7

he that most would hide his Flame, does then his fe-cret Pain re-veal:

Pia for

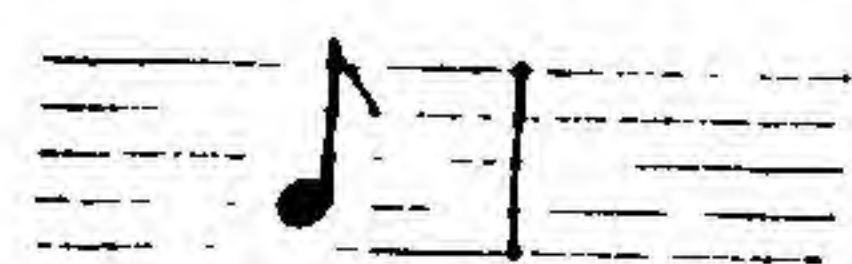
Silence itself, Silence it felf, can Love proclaim, can

for

Love proclaim.

2

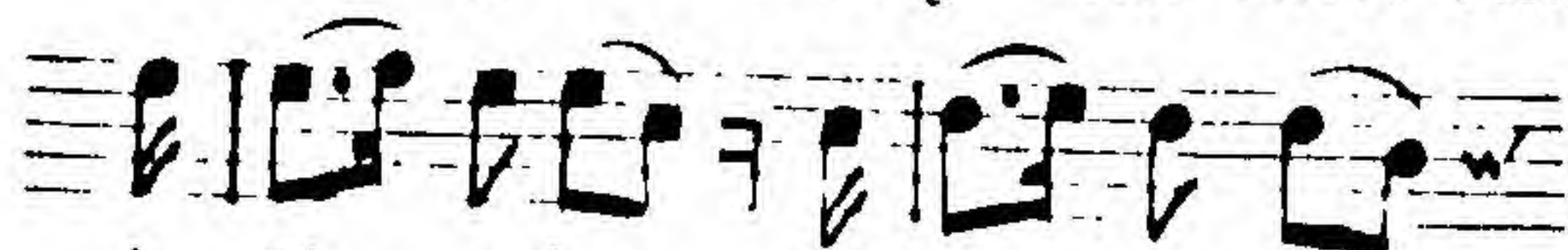
This my Aurelia, made me thum
The Paths which common Lovers tread,



Whose guilty Passion is begun
Not in their Heart but in their Head.



I could not figh, and with crofs'd Arms
Accuse your Rigour or my Fate;
Nor tax your Beauty with such Charms



As Men adore and Women hate;

Allegro

Pia for Pia for Pia
 But carelefs liv'd and without Art, knowing my Love you
 for for Pia
 must have spy'd. spy'd. And think_ing it a need_les Part to
 fet to shew what none can hide, to fet to shew what none can
 Pia for Pia
 hide, But care_les liv'd and with_out Art, Knowing my Love you
 T.S. T.S.

must have spy'd, And thinking it a need-less Part To fet to

for

shew what none can hide, To fet to shew what none can hide, To

fortiss

fet to shew what none can hide what none can hide.

fortiss

SONG VIII.

Viol: 1^{mo} *Pia for Pia for Pia for*

Viol: 2^{do} *Andantino*

Baffo *T.S.*

Pia

How long must hapless Co-lin

T.S.

mourn The cold Re-gard of Delia's Eye, The Heart whose Fault a-las is Love, can Delia's

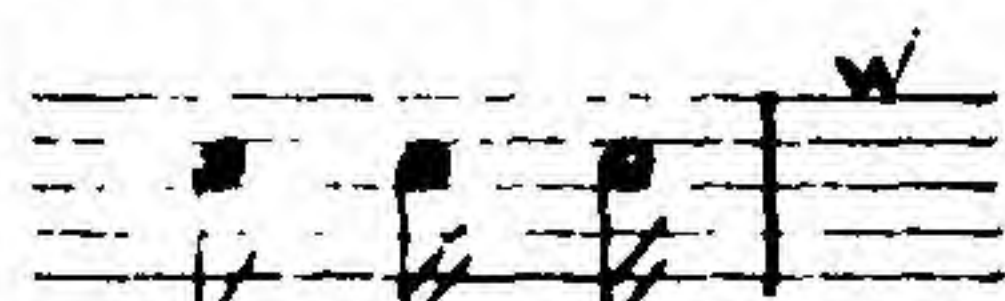
lost, nels doom to die? Sweet is thy Name to Colin's Ear, Thy Beauties

oh divine-ly bright! In one short Hour by Delia's Side I pass whole Ages of De-

for - light, I pass whole Ages of De- light!

2

Yet tho' I lov'd thee more than Life,



Not to displease a cruel Maid,
My Tongue forbore its fondest Tale,
But murmur'd in the distant Shade.



What happier Shepherd wins thy Smile?
A Joy for which I hourly pine!
Some Swain perhaps whose fertile Vales
Whose Fleecy Flocks are more than mine.

3

Few are the Vales that Colin boasts,
And few the Flocks those Vales that rove:
I count not Delia's Heart with Wealth,
A nobler Bribe I offer,— Love!



But should the Virgin yield her Hand,
And thoughtless wed for Wealth alone;
The Choice may make my Bosom bleed,
But surely cannot bless her own.

SONG IX.

Viol: 1^{mo} **Allegro** **Pia**

Viol: 2^{do}

Viola **Pia**

Baffo **T.S.**

Recitative

for 6 6 6 4 2 6 6 4 5 3

New Philomel re -

Pia

-news her tender Strain, Indulging all the Night her pleasing Pain, I sought the Grove to hear the

5 3 7 6 4 6 4 5 3 6

Wanton ling, There lay a Face more beautiful than the Spring; A Face divine where thousand Glories

6 3 6 3

fortis

play; More bright, more lovely than the sunny Ray!

3 3 3 5 8 6 3

fortis

Allegro

In vain I'm promis'd such a heavenly Prize, Ah cruel Fair one Ah cruel Fair one who de -

Pia

layft my Joys! Tho' thy bright Charms enflame my am'rous Heart, I dare not snatch one Kiss to

for

for

ease the Smart to ease the Smart. When will the Hour of wish'd for

Pia

for

for

Bliss arrive, Must I wait longer, Can I wait and live? Must I wait longer,

Pia Cres il for Fortifs
 Can I wait and live, can I wait and live, can I wait and live?
 I loath the
 Light, and sleep for fakes my Eyes, Turn thee my Fairest e'er thy Lo-ver
 dies. Sinking to Earth I figh one laft A-dieu, Call me,

6 6 6 6 6 6 Cres 5 6 5 3 Fortifs
 6 5 4 3 7 4 3 6 6 5 4 4 3 I loath the
 # 8 b2 6 7 6 7 8 4+ 6 6 8
 #3 9 8 4 4 5 3 b3 6 b3

call me, my Goddess and my Life re-new. My Queen, my Angel, my fond Hearts de-fire,

Pi-ty that Paffion, pi-ty that Paffion, pi-ty that Paffion which thy

il for fortifs

Charms in-spire, the Charms in-spire!

Figured bass notation includes: 6, 7, 6 4 3, 6, #3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5 3, 6 4 3, 6 4 2, 6, 6 4, 5 3, 6, 9 8 6, 6 4, 2, 6, 6 4, 5 3.

Dynamic markings: Pianifs, Cres, Fortifs.

Other markings: T. S., 7, 9 4 3.

SONG X.

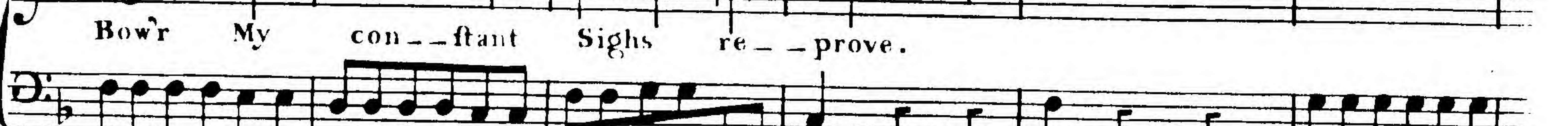
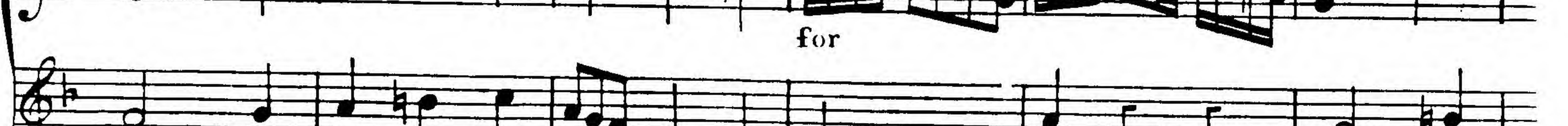
Viol:
1st



Viol:
2^d



Baffo



Allegro brillante

:S:

Pia

:S:

:S:

Pia

:S:

Thy Ab - - - fence De - - - lia from my

for

Bow'r

My

con - - - stant

Sighs

re - - - prove.

for

Pia

What

Lan - - - guor

hangs

on

ev' - - - ry

Hour

that

is

not spent in

Pia

2

Yet thro' the Shade no Murmurs steal
Except from Colin's Tongue;
For Delia fill'd is ev'ry Gale
With Pleasures chearful Song.

9

O haste! for These my Riv'lets roll
The Hills the Vales are gay,
Where, Emblems of my Delia's Soul,
The spotless Lambkins play.

O haste! for Thee all Nature pours
Around her bloomy Pride,
With Bliss to wing the Virgins Hours
Who blesses all beside!

SONG X.

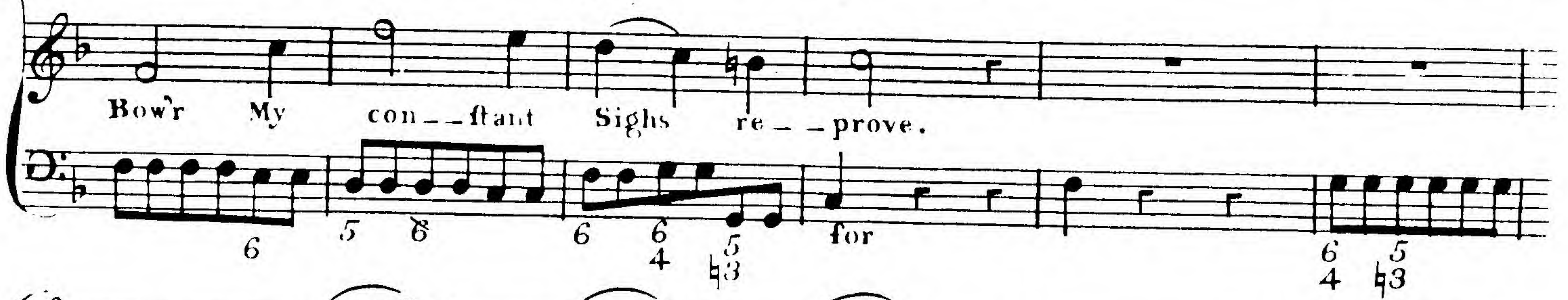
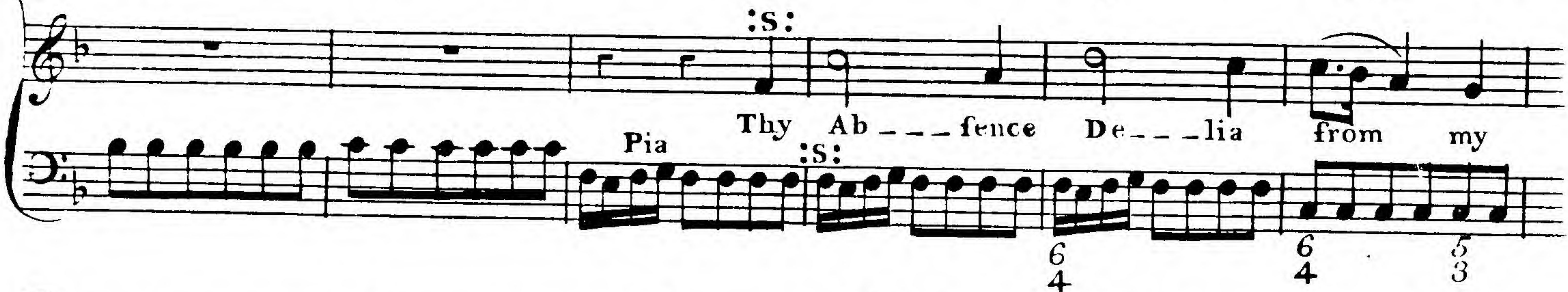
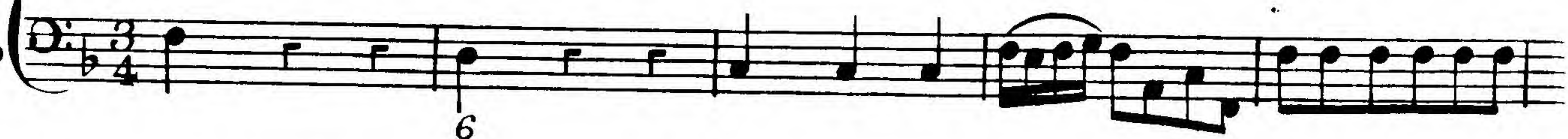
Viol:
1st



Viol:
2^d



Basso



Love that is not spent in Love that is not spent in Love? for

2

Yet thro' the Shade no Murmurs steal
 Except from Colin's Tongue;
 For Delia fill'd is ev'ry Gale
 With Pleasures chearful Song.

3

O haste! for Thee my Riv'lets roll
 The Hills the Vales are gay,
 Where, Emblems of my Delia's Soul,
 The spotless Lambkins play.

4

O haste! for Thee all Nature pours
 Around her bloomy Pride,
 With Blifs to wing the Virgins Hours
 Who bleffes all beside!

SONG XI.

Voce

Adagio

What

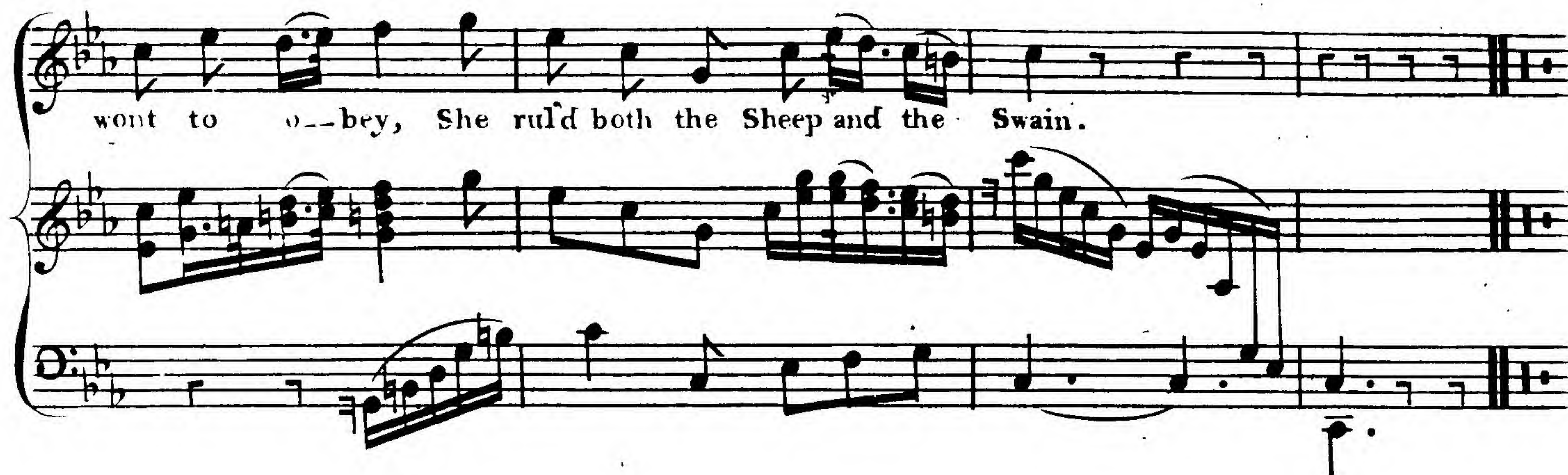
Cembalo Solo

Shepherd or Nymph of the Grove, Can blame me for dropping a Tear, Or lamenting a -

Pia

-loud as I rove, Since Delia no lon-ger is here. My Flocks if at

random they stray What wonder if she's from the Plain? Her Hand they were



went to o--bey, She rul'd both the Sheep and the Swain.



2

Can I ever forget how we stray'd



O'er the Hill, thro' the Meadow and Grove;
Can I ever forget the dear Maid
When blushing the first own'd her Love?



When the fear'd ev'n the Trees might reveal



What the scarce could to me tell alone.



But oh! what a Change do I feel,



Now my lovely Companion is gone!

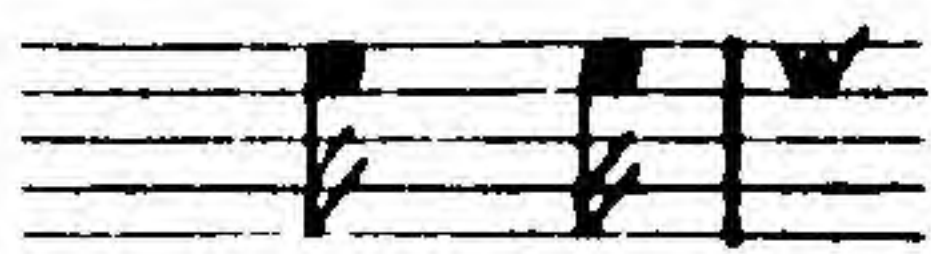


3

She was all my fond Wishes could ask,



She had all the kind Gods could impart,
She was Nature's most beautiful Task,



The Despair and the Envy of Art:
In Her what is worthy to prize
In all that is lovely was dress'd,



For the Graces were thron'd in her Eyes



And the Virtues all lodg'd in her Breast.

SONG XII.

Voce

Adagio

Pia

Cembalo Solo

To fairest Delia's grassy Tomb, Soft Maids and Village

Hinds shall bring Each opening Sweet of earliest Bloom And rifle all the

breathing Spring.

Each opening Sweet of earliest Bloom, and rifle all the



2

No wailing Ghosts shall dare appear,
 To vex with Shrieks this quiet Grove;
 But Shepherd-Lads assemble here,
 And melting Virgins own their Love.

3

No wither'd Witch shall here be seen,
 No Goblins lead their nightly Crew;
 But female Fays shall haunt the Green,
 And dress thy Grave with early Dew.

4

The Red-breast oft at Evening Hours
 Shall kindly lend his little Aid,
 With hoary Moss and gather'd Flow'rs
 To deck the Ground where thou art laid.

5

When howling Winds and beating Rain
 In Tempest shake the Sylvan Cell,
 Or midst the Chace on ev'ry Plain,
 The tender Thought on Thee shall dwell.

6

Each lonely Scene shall thee restore,
 For Thee the Tear be duly shed;
 Belov'd till Life can charm no more,
 And mourn'd till Pity's felt be dead!

Finis